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ment as leading singer at one of the first opera-houses in Europe, is the most flattering proof of the high position which she has already attained. Madame Vanzini is now in Paris, where she is resting after a prolonged and highly successful operatic tour, through the English provinces, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other Scottish cities. We rejoice at the success of this talented and deserving lady.

Miss Jenny Busk, whom we expect to hear in New York early in December, at Steinway Hall, when a child of but five years of age gave indication of great musical talent, of an extraordinary voice, which a few years later was pronounced one of unusual compass and rare beauty. Miss Jenny's parents were induced to send her to study in the best schools abroad—the little Baltimorean left for Europe accompanied by an elder sister. After studying for some time in Leipsic, the Mecca of Musical Germany, and where the flexibility, beauty, and great compass of her voice, a pure soprano of three octaves, was not only greatly admired but listened to with delighted astonishment and received with unbounded applause. Miss Jenny went to Paris, where she had lessons with Francois Wartel, the celebrated teacher of the Nilsson and Trebelli. M. Wartel would listen as if entranced when his gifted pupil was singing some beautiful air of Mozart's, or executing some difficult passage of an Italian master's.

From the Parisian capital, where crowded audiences have listened with breathless admiration to the warblings of this little nightingale, she comes to us, and we shall not give her a less enthusiastic reception.

The French Theatre has resumed its career of brilliant success with the return of Mlle. Tostee, who has suffered severely from a throat disease, but who is now believed to have entirely recovered. As the original Duchesse de Gerolstein, she made a decided success; her fascinating manner charmed every one, and her real artistic talent made her at once a popular favorite. Every member of Mr. Bateman's company is distinguished by peculiar merit, and as a whole, costumes, scenery and appointments, Offenbach's opera is one of the completest representations ever presented to the American public. Crowded and brilliant audiences have attended each performance this week, and we have no doubt that the "Duchesse" will continue a career of unqualified success, for some time to come.

Mr. Arthur Matthison has just completed a new Drama, which we think will excite a profound sensation when produced. Apart from the thrilling interest of the plot, and the startling dramatic situations, it is a work of great literary merit. The characters are boldly defined, and are individualized with

a rare knowledge of the springs of human action; the incidents are handled with skill and judgment; the narrative is compact and closely woven, while the pathos which is earnest and absorbing, and the humor which is quiet but pungent, are equally natural, forcible and telling. We hope soon to see this admirable drama represented at one of our leading theatres in a style befitting its merits.

The Decker Brothers' Pianofortes will assuredly speak for themselves wherever they are heard; they need no trumpeter, for they sound their own praise. We have frequently spoken of them as they deserved, for we believe that they are among the finest pianos manufactured on the American continent. They are not only beautiful in tone and touch, but they are distinguished by the most thorough and perfect workmanship. In short, they are instruments to be entirely relied upon for the best and most lasting qualities.

Our article a few weeks since in reference to another firm bearing a similar name, has caused much comment and some confusion. We spoke of their instruments in terms of just commendation, and abide by the remarks we then made, but in reply to the questions as to which of the firms bearing the above name made the name of Decker famous throughout the country, we state without hesitation, for the fact is well known, that the Decker Brothers of 91 Bleecker street are entitled to that distinction. They were first in the field, and their integrity, and the trustworthiness of their instruments, at once established a reputation for them which nothing can shake. We have nothing to do with the business competition of our advertisers; their issue is clearly on the score of merit, and time, which tries pianofortes as well as men's souls, etc., will settle that question, pro or con, beyond dispute. We intend to write just as we think, and we wish it to be clearly understood, that an advertisement will never command praise in our columns which the article advertised does not deserve.

WHAT THE THEATRES ARE DOING.

The *New York Herald* is continually harping upon the one theme to managers, "Why do you not produce new plays, by American authors?" The idea is a good one, and full with subject matter for discourse, a discourse which we do not intend to give way to here, only as far as it answers our present purpose, but we can answer the *Herald* pertinently, in a very few words.

Through all this week any curious citizen, or countryman, might have stepped into any and all of the theatres of New York, and the same sight would have met his eye; a house crammed to repletion, and an audience seemingly satisfied with the fare set before them.

Each and all of them are coining money from the alembic of old pieces, or badly got up new ones; why, therefore, should they seek for novelty; why encourage the native author; why expend money on new brain?

Let us start from the beginning and see what they are doing. The Broadway has the Florences, who are playing "The Ticket of Leave Man," and certainly doing it with wondrous financial success, or it would not linger on week after week, as it does. Mr. Florence himself seems rather to deprecate this success, if we may take a letter of his to the *Herald* as we understand it. He says:

BROADWAY THEATRE, Nov. 19, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—
I read with all the interest due your article in yesterday's issue under the heading of "Theatres—Foreign Tongues on the Stage." So soon as the present immense run of the "Ticket of Leave Man" at this establishment commences to wane, I shall produce a brilliant, new American comedy from the pen of Miss Olive Logan, and called "West Point." I feel confident its production will justify my anticipations for it of an enthusiastic reception by press and public. WM. J. FLORENCE.

Which means, of course, that he would be most happy to produce new plays every night in the week, but for the fact that the public demand old ones.

Next, we come to the Olympic, which with "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—which, if we recollect right, was written before "The Ticket of Leave Man"—is more than filling itself every night, until the speculators are selling the seats—such as they can get—at \$5 each. This is no flight of fancy, but a stern material fact, and is deserved. They have produced this beautiful poem—we always objected to calling it a play—as it has never before been produced in this country, and succeeded in bringing before us all the poesy, enchantment, faacy and humor of the great bard in a form that is wanted and appreciated. Why, then, should they give us new plays when the old ones serve as well or better?

Then comes Wallack's, with their revival of "The Honeymoon," a never-to-be-had-too-much comedy of the regular old school. They give it to us perfectly put upon the stage. The scenery is correct and beautifully painted. The costumes are of the very time, and each member of the company a star within themselves. Miss Rose Eytinge, who has at once naturally adapted herself to her audience, becomes a charming Juliana, and with a fresh voice, a pleasant manner, and a pretty face, puts new blood in the old frame. Mr. J. W. Wallack, as the Duke Aranza, gives us a taste of his quality as a finished actor and a scholarly thinker. He also has shown that he can adapt himself to his audience, and his audience know it, and show their appreciation; and last, though not least, is Mark Smith's rendering of the Mock Duke, an unctuous rendering that deserves especial praise.

Why, then, with this success, should Wallack seek new pieces?

Then look at Niblo's, where they are run-

ning the "Black Crook" hard on to the 500th night, and each night the crowd gathers in force, besieging the doors for half an hour before they open. Why should they seek new pieces? And yet they are doing so simply from the fact that Messrs. Wheatley, Palmer and Jarrett have, through very humanity, decided to make a change, lest their company and employees go stark, staring mad with the very monotony of going through the same routine day after day and year after year. Niblo's is therefore about to change, somewhere in January, for another elaborated, spectacled, muscled, ballet, pantomime, opera, tragedy, comedy piece, which we are confidently told will as much surpass the "Black Crook," as the "Black Crook" surpassed everything else previous to its debut.

Ristori has gone off to Havana with a rush that must have startled her somewhat if she has any startle in her. We mean a rush of the public, for never before during her engagement has there been such a stampede of Ristori-ites as during these three representations. There was something almost funny, had it not been for the tragical nature of the fun, in seeing how the gentler part of upper tondom became reckless of persons and bonnets in its efforts to crowd twice as many persons into the French Theatre on the last matinee as it would hold. The squeezing and pulling to get in, and the indignation after getting in to find that only a few seats were left in the upper, the very upper, tier. In fifteen minutes from the moment the doors opened no more money could be taken, and hundreds of disgusted fair ones were turned away in the cold to save their tempers and their dollars until the great tragedienne returns once more.

But there still remains the "Duchess," who with all her airs and graces draws, nightly, her thousands, notwithstanding that by this time we must class her among the ancient regime. Tostee has got well, and the "Duchess" may be expected under this fact to start with renewed vigor, for the public is not an inconstant lover, but will go back to its first loves. The French company alternating with this charming opera and giving the Gallic drama better than it has ever been given before in New York, makes this theatre a power in the land of theatre-dom which it has never been until it got under the management of Mr. Bateman.

It is hardly necessary for us to say that "The Devil's Auction" goes steadily on its way, crowding the house every night the same as in the beginning, only a little more so. We do not know what to argue from this, save that the public are fond of the ballet and find it there to their taste.

TRIESTE.—"L'Africaine" has proved a great success.

BALL'S STATUE OF FORREST.

At No. 812 Broadway, Mr. Ball's Statue of Edwin Forrest in the character of Coriolanus is on exhibition.

The Statue represents the great soldier in his tent, in the 5th act, scene III., where he is saying,

Deny not.—Let the Voices
Plough Rome and harrow Italy: I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were master of himself,
And knew no other kin.

It is six feet six inches in height, being eight inches taller than the original, the extreme height, including pedestal, being eleven feet. It will be readily understood with this measurement that a room 25 feet square, however draped, is hardly the place to put it in; but in the dearth of halls for art exhibition in this city, it was the best place that could be had.

A work of art wherein the imagination has to be sacrificed to show facts is not open to that close criticism that a purely ideal work should be. In his labors upon this statue, Mr. Ball has been confined to certain imperative laws that have prevented his art action in a measure, that he might bring home to the eye of every one who sees it the embodiment of the great actor, and that with the knowledge that he was executing a figure that every looker-on could criticise, from the fact of having seen the original. The sculptor has therefore had two paths to tread, the one real, the other ideal. In the first he has given us the man as he is; in the same massive physique, the peculiarity of position, the feature, and the recognizable expression. In the last we have the etheriality of the Coriolanus, as we get him in the closet, divested of Mr. Forrest and all men but the creator of the character; that etheriality with which we are wont to invest the portrait of the dead, which may arise in the work of the artist, or from the work of our own brain.

Purely as a work of art, the statue, without being faultless, shows the sculptor to possess higher genius than we have ever given him credit for here at home. If there is any especial fault to be found with it, that fault lies in the head being small as compared with the massiveness of the original. The drapery is good, and the pose excellent.

We should like to see permanent disposition made of this statue in this city, where Mr. Forrest first took his degree, and with which his fame has always been identified.

THE ARTISTS' FUND EXHIBITION.

This year the Association has opened its exhibition at Putnam's Gallery, Broadway, opposite Bond street, and show on the walls ninety-four pictures, which will be sold for the benefit of the fund on the 21st December.

The catalogue gives us a list of eminent names in art, and we feel sorry that the walls do not show a corresponding return. We must, of course, take into consideration that these pictures are free-will offerings from the artists, and that as a consequence they cannot loom out largely in size, yet still we think they might in number, as well as in excellence. There are, however, many gems in the collection that should be eagerly sought after, and that will repay careful examination, not for the ideas embodied in them, for strange to say, an artist rarely gets an idea for a picture, but as fine illustrations of the artist's style.

Taking a sweep through the room without being prejudiced by handling a catalogue, our eye rests upon three water-color drawings, and on referring to that document, we find them entered as Nos. 29, 65 and 78.—Life in Amsterdam, At the Shrine, and Italien Contadini, and the artist as F. O. C. Darley. Mr. Darley could hardly do anything bad, and though these are not in his best style, they are sufficiently good to warrant us in giving them first mention. There is a charming picture, No. 33, by Lowrie, The Valley of New Russia, Adirondacks, next to which hangs Meditation, No. 34, by Louis Lanz, a stupid study, but a carefully handled picture. No. 49, a neat little piece by De Haas, entitled Dover Cliffs, is deserving notice. No. 58, In the Woods, by Crouch, is in his usual woody style, not bad, but not so good as to excite any especial enthusiasm. Hennessey has his name to a picture, No. 60, called At the Opera, but we can hardly believe he painted it. The art is Japanese, the figure is Japanese, the color is Japanese, and the fan is Japanese. Perhaps the last item explains the whole thing. The artist possibly having commenced the picture on the fan, could not lose the style. There is a nice little bit of color in No. 62, Midsummer, by J. B. Bristol, and a clever picture as far as regards the figures of the two children in No. 69, The Young Inventor, by A. O. Eaton.

Hicks has a picture, No. 75, Feeding the Chickens, deserving of notice. We are not sure but it is the best picture in the room. After this mention, there is but little beside worth especial notice. The mass are meaningless, and poor exponents either of the artists or of American art. Some, with great names attached, are decidedly bad, and are doubly unworthy to find a place upon the walls, firstly on their merit, and secondly as contributing to a most worthy cause, which it should be the care of every artist to make a success.

BRESLAU.—Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" was performed, a short time since, under the direction of Herr Thoma, in the church of St. Elizabeth.